

Is your cat sexy enough to
make the big time?
Technology / B4



Simply everybody in Canada is
'touching it' these days
Living / H1

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TUESDAY, APRIL 6, 2004

Flavour explosions rock Baghdad

SHLONG TEARS
CanBreast News Service
BAGHDAD

Twelve people, including three Americans, were wounded by the awesome power of deliciousness as several flavour explosions rocked Baghdad on Sunday.

Witnesses said the explosions, which were set off early in the morning, shattered the windows of nearby shops and vehicles.

One man who was wandering past the wreckage couldn't believe the awesome power of flavour unleashed by the bombs.

"Since the United States invaded, uh, I mean *liberated* our country, I've been hearing a lot about these flavour explosions," said Abdullah von Strauss, a German-born Iraqi businessman.

"But now, I believe. I can actually taste the rainbow," he added enthusiastically. The flavour explosions are part of a new "shockolate and awesogood" campaign being implemented by the occupying U.S. armed forces. Iraq's administrator, L. Paul Bremer, said the explosions are an attempt to bring American pop-culture to the disillusioned Iraqi people.

"We figured that since we keep fucking things up in this backwater shit-crater,

the least we could do is, you know, give these poor schmucks some Skittles or something."

The Skittles, donated by Mars Inc., are being used in standard military-issue bombs. In lieu of actual explosives, the shells are loaded up with Skittles—among other types of candy—and launched from planes and short-range missile launchers.

Though no Iraqis have been killed by the flavour explosions, all of the blast victims from Sunday's incident noted a marked increase in their personal levels of deliciousity. Dr. Markus Helm, a Belgian physician working in Baghdad, explains.

See RAINBOW / A2



HAIRY DONG, THE URINAL

American soldiers use the newly-developed Skittles launcher integral to the new "shockolate and awesogood" campaign

Freedom dies

Sad dog, and possibly freedom,
finally killed by bees

ANAL HELLD OG
CanBreast News Service
LEDUC

After six long years of being continuously killed by bees, the incessant, tortured howls of Leduc's bravest little Pomerian will ring through the streets no more.

Mr. Snowflakes, nine, was finally laid to rest yesterday after a valiant and surprisingly drawn-out struggle against some very angry bees. He was the beloved pet of Barbara Phonebook, a retired Leduc schoolteacher who now works as a cashier at the airport Harvey's.

According to Phonebook, Mr. Snowflakes first began being killed by bees during a brief trip into Phonebook's backyard in April 1998, when the dog allegedly became excited and chased a ball into a growth of juniper bushes occupying the west corner of the lot.

When Mr. Snowflakes emerged with the ball, said Phonebook, he had three or four bees buzzing around his head.

"At the time, I thought that [Mr. Snowflakes] had just made a few new friends," she explained, wiping a tear from her eye.

"When one of the bees began stinging him, I scolded him for going into the bushes in the first place, since he always wrecks his coat doing that."

"Of course, if I had known then where the whole thing would lead, I would have tried to shoo the bees away or something. But hindsight is 20/20, I suppose."

Instead, Phonebook left Mr. Snowflakes outside, with the expectation that the bees would eventually leave. One month later, however, Phonebook realized that the bees were not only not leaving, but were in fact multiplying.

See SAD DOG / A6



THE CANADIAN PRESS

You think you know painful stinging? Have you seen the rash I'm sporting, good madam? it's quite horrific. Just like the poor dog pictured above

Klein finds, wastes \$14B surplus

Legislature votes to blow
money on wacky-fun slide

PANSY SUCKWELL
CanBreast News Service
EDMONTON

In an attempt to "give something back to the community," Alberta Premier Ralph Klein is investing a recently discovered \$14 billion surplus into the construction of a wacky-fun slide for the Legislature grounds.

"Citizens currently lack proper sliding facilities, and they have for quite a long time now. In the last decade, the province was forced to make some really tough decisions in regards to social expenditures," said Klein, clearly lying.

"But now we have some extra money, and as part of our 20-year plan to make Alberta the best place to live, work and visit, we're investing in the latest slide technology to accomplish this."

When asked how exactly the slide would contribute to the overall health and well-being of Albertans, Klein screamed at media.

"You know, if you actually gave the issues some real thought, you wouldn't come up with these ridiculous questions!" he said, punching a Global cameraman in the eye. "You're the ones who aren't looking out for Albertans."

Stephen Sorebutz, leader of the Provincial Action Team on Slides (PATS), explained that the slide will be approximately 1000 feet tall, and will be constructed out of titanium.

"We intend to construct it on legislature grounds, and it should be the tallest slide in human history," he said, at a press conference held at a local playground.

See SLIDE / A4

Park girl ready for 'good time': graffiti

SMELLY CRYBABY
CanBreast News Service
WOODBINE RD

According to reputable graffiti sources, Jenny Parkinson, a former senior at Sherwood Park's Salisbury Composite High School, has confirmed her status as a provider of "a good time" ever since her name and number were discovered by horny teenagers who were smoking their parents' cigarettes in the bathroom of Wye Road's Boston Pizza.

"Yeah, I know J-Hoe," local suburban strain on society and

generally unkempt adolescent Joey Fratter said, cracking a can of Molson Canadian while hanging out at the teenage gathering place known only as "the bridge" late Monday evening.

"The graffiti is all totally true: she's, like, the biggest slut in sluttown. I heard about those guys who found her phone number in the can, and one of them said he thinks he slipped her his purple-headed love god."

"I'm not even really sure what that means, but it does sound kinda dirty."

Parents in the shitzu-walking, sweater-vest-wearing commu-

“Then I turned up my crappy stereo and blasted the tits out of my Good Charlotte CD because I know they hate that shit.”

Sherwood Park idiot Kenny Quinton
on his gay-ass parents

nity were shocked to find Parkinson's number on several of their children's cell phones and pagers.

As a result, dozens of youths were grounded and sent to their rooms where they are suspected to have just downloaded internet porn.

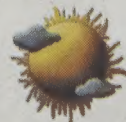
"It's so fucking unfair of my

gay-ass parents to ground me," said local metrosexual and reputable playa Kenny Quinton. "I was all like, 'suck it, mom' and 'eat shit, dad.'"

"Then I turned up my crappy stereo and blasted the tits out of my Good Charlotte CD because I know they hate that shit."

See REAL BIG SLUT / A3

INSIDE TODAY



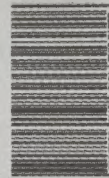
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The *Urinal* is still 100

MAN GAZIN
Urinal Propaganda Writer
EDMONTON

Urinal staff want to remind you that it's still technically the paper's centennial year, and that, as an obedient Edmontonian, your care levels should be as high as ever.

In fact, if you don't care about the *Urinal*'s glorious entry into its second century anymore, you'll be going against the general trend in the city, which, according to care expert and resident cat statue collector John St. Elevator, is "really mean."

In a survey carried out by the paper's senior-level staff, it was shown that the city of Edmonton's care levels have only dropped slightly since the paper's anniversary in November.

The survey proves that those Edmontonians who cared passionately about the *Urinal* entering into its second cen-

That's much older than you, good sir

tury before Christmas still care somewhat, and those who cared somewhat at the time are still willing to acknowledge it with vague enthusiasm.

"Predictions made prior to our anniversary foresaw at least six months of caring, and this study proves just how right we were. Even if the care-osity in this city has diminished slightly, the point is that people still care. And really, how could they not? I mean, it's the *hundredth anniversary* of the *Edmonton Urinal*," said an emphatic *Urinal* Editor-in-Chief Piss Boutits, slamming his hand on his desk to make his point.

Despite criticism from several sources that the *Urinal* has been blatantly ignoring world events to continue reminding readers about its centennial year, Boutits maintained that nothing more important than the *Urinal*'s hun-

dredth anniversary has ever happened or will ever happen.

However, local old person and regular *Urinal* letter writer Mary Firetruck maintains that the paper has declined in quality ever since its anniversary. "Did you hear about God destroying the Vatican?" she screeched. "Didn't think so. And you know why? Because the *Urinal* filled that space with yet another story on their freakin' anniversary!"

Boutits calmly explained that God did not destroy the Vatican at all.

However, less crazy *Urinal* readers supported Firetruck's view, albeit in a saner way. "Two days ago, the *Urinal*'s top story was about how it was their 100-year, four-month, and 15-day anniversary," said Alison Lightswitch. "That same day, thousands were killed in Palestinian refugee campus during Israeli raids, but that wasn't even re-

ported on. Doesn't that strike you as a little selfish?"

"No," responded Boutits.

Mayor Bill Smith explained how important the *Urinal*'s anniversary is to maintaining people's perceptions of Edmonton as "the raddest city in North Radmerica."

Despite the fact that North Radmerica is not actually a continent, Smith went on to try and explain what he was talking about. "Edmonton having an old newspaper is like a little girl having an entire farm full of ponies. Sure, we might get tired of it when we start to notice boys, but for the time being, we'll stop throwing tantrums."

Although it was uncertain as of press time when Edmontonians would start to notice boys, one thing is for sure: they haven't yet. And that means for the *Urinal* what a farm full of ponies means to a little girl: the best year and a half of our lives.

Bush to Iraq:
'Snickers
really satisfies'

RAINBOW
continued from A1

"What in the name of God are you talking about?" he began. "I'm trying to suture this man's big toe back on, and you come in here asking me about something you've clearly just made up? Do me a favour and get the hell out of my O.R."

Though Helm's assessment of the chocolate and awesogood campaign was less than glowing, other doctors, most of them Americans who at one time or other have played lawn darts with President George W. Bush, are very enthusiastic about the military's new strategy.

"Sugar is precisely what these Negative Nancies need," intoned Dr. Cheryl Crawford-Bush. "The Iraqi people have been moping around the streets, worried about what's coming next for, like, a year." Crawford-Bush suggested the Iraqis could all use a break. "I suggest a Kit-Kat," she noted as a Nestlé executive handed her a giant bag with a dollar sign on it.

Back home, the U.S. government seemed pleased with its new strategy and insisted that it was working just fine. "People of Iraq: it's time to taste the rainbow," George W. Bush said at a press conference he gave from his shower in the White House. "By the time we pull out of Iraq in June, I want to see its citizens Twixing it up, and declaring that Snickers really satisfies." The President proceeded to brush his teeth and apply some deodorant.

Though the U.S. government claims that the chocolate and awesogood campaign is a success, it notes that it has more in store for Iraq's people. Said Bremer, "Think Disneyland, only much more contrived and with a Middle-Eastern focus. Mr. Bremer's Wild Ride, anyone? Ladies?"

Marijuana Party of Canada spends its budget on *Space Ghost* DVD, fatty snack foods

REGGIE STONER
Marijuana Affairs Writer
NELSON, B.C.

The Marijuana Party of Canada told its membership that they'd blown their entire budget on DVDs and a variety of snacks from the corner 7-11 on Monday.

After scraping together \$57, the entire party membership bought *Space Ghost* Volume I on DVD and then spent the rest of their budget—\$14.08—on snacking items, including two Pep'n'Cheds, two slurpees, and a bag of Ms. Vickie's sea salt and malt vinegar chips.

"Well, we were all having a meeting in the back of Terry's van, and I was explaining the concept of *Space Ghost* to the guys," said Marijuana Party President William McAllistair.

"It's totally awesome to watch while you're high," he said.

"And Volume I of the DVD has the episode where *Space Ghost* interviews Hulk Hogan," noted Party Treasurer George Mansfield, a 25-year-old seventh-year economics major at the University of Alberta, as he stuffed a wad of potato chips into his mouth. Mansfield wiped the crumbs off on his pants before continuing.

"Besides, when we polled our members, about 95 per cent of them said they'd rather chill at home tonight—you know, watch a movie or something."

McAllistair explained the plot summaries of every other episode on the discs in full detail before returning to the topic of the missing budget.

"It's been awhile since I last received my GST cheque, so my parents should



Marijuana Party executive members William McAllistair and George Mansfield watch *Space Ghost* "high"

be calling anytime now to let me know it's arrived," said McAllistair. The approximately \$64 cheque, which was expected to replenish the party budget in time for the release of *Space Ghost* Volume II, was sent to McAllistair's parents' residence.

"I go there every week to pick up my mail and do my laundry," explained McAllistair. "Want a Pep'n'Ched?"

When pressed for what the Marijuana Party would do in the face of its financial crisis, Mansfield responded, "Hey, we were just doing what our members asked of us. And our plan for dealing with this fiscal crisis is to call Dad at his office, complain about how broke we are, and subtly hint that perhaps he could lend us forty bucks, or something, just to get us through

the weekend."

"Yeah," McAllistair chimed in, thinking Mansfield was actually speaking with his father on the phone, "we'll hit you back on the first!"

Mansfield pointed out that he was not, in fact, on the phone with his father. "It's 2:30 in the morning. My dad needs his rest. He's got a long day of working for the man ahead of him—he'll be getting up in, like, three hours."

After another long discussion involving the appropriate amount of sleep one needs and the ability/inability each had experiencing lucid dreaming, Mansfield returned to his admonishment of guilt towards the Marijuana party's fiscal mismanagement. "I know what you're thinking; just because of the stereotyping our

party is labeled with, you think I just lost the money somewhere, but I assure you that your assumptions are incorrect," said Mansfield. "I can quantify every single one of my party's expenditures."

"Dude, you just said 'quantify,' dude," said McAllistair. "It sounds like you're working for the man, too." Mansfield then threw a half-finished King Don at the giggling McAllistair.

"Forget this," Mansfield said, dismissing McAllistair's middle finger. "Let's just pop some *Mario Party* into the old Gamecube."

When asked what preparations his party was making for the upcoming spring election, McAllistair said, "Shhhhhh, it's my turn. Fuck, you're so going down, Yoshi."

INTERWEB
EXTRAS

www.tradgames.org.uk/games/Skittles.htm

SKITTLES HISTORY

Actually, Skittles weren't always a delicious, freedom-loving candy. Skittles used to be an old-timey ten-pin bowling game. It was pretty shitty.

www.simonsays.com/ssimkt/darkenedsky

SKITTLES PIXELS

Candy also spawned a video game based entirely on *Zelda* and Skittles called *Darkened Sky*. It was more shitty than the old-timey Skittles game.



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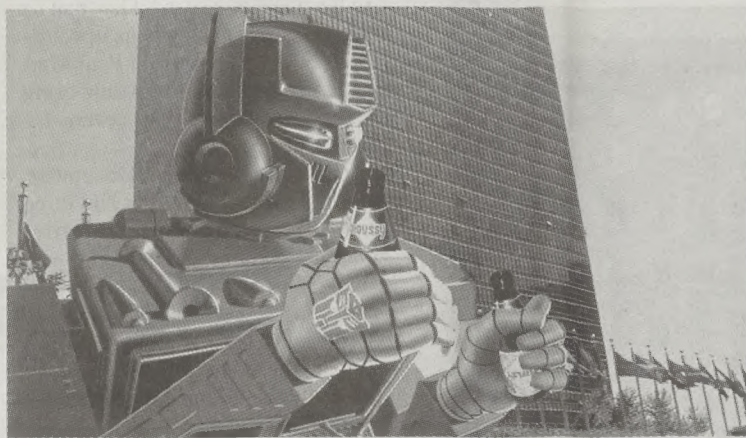
A quiet came over the robotic planet of Cybertron for the first time in 20 years as fighting between the heroic Autobots and the evil Decepticons came to an end with the signing of a historic peace treaty.

Autobot leader Optimus Prime cited the chief reasons for the treaty as the impending arrival of Unicron, the Jupiter-sized Transformer that devours planets, and a mutual hatred of "those stupid, knock-off Go-bots."

"This is a historic day for the galaxy," remarked U.N. Secretary General Kofi Annan, who helped broker the deal. "This further proves that when it comes to peace accords, I'm the Winston Churchill of diplomacy. Do you think Desmond Tutu could have brought together the Transformers? Not bloody likely," he said, taking another large swig from his hip flask.

The pact had been in the works for several months, but faced numerous delays, chief among them the contentious "Prime Clause," brought forward by Decepticon leader Megatron, which stated "let it further be resolved that Optimus Prime has a really stupid mouthpiece." After much debate and numerous revisions, it was ultimately decided that Prime's mouthpiece was indeed stupid, and the clause remained.

"Vroom, vroom, vroom. Honk! Honk! SCREEEEEEEEEE! HONK!! HONK!!" commented Prime. After transforming, he added, "I think my mouthpiece is fine. I mean, that dumbass stereo Decepticon has the same one, and they don't call him stupid. Besides, at least I transform



SCREAMIN' KLAXON, THE URINAL

Optimus Prime double-fists it, UN-style

into something useful; what good are you with none of your lackeys around, Megajerk?"

A brief name-calling exchange ensued, but the riled-up Transformers were eventually pacified with promises of plasma pudding and energon cubes. Despite the quick resolution, however, the event sparked fears that the peace would be shortlived.

"The Autobots and Decepticons are supposed to be at constant war with each other!" squealed University of Alberta professor and self-professed Transformer expert Dr. Lloyd Majeau, on hand to witness the signing. "It has been ordained since they were first given personalities by Vector Sigma, and to go against their very nature could have dire consequences!"

After a brief discussion, it was agreed that no one cared about obscure Transformer trivia, and Majeau would not be allowed to talk anymore.

Annan downplayed the significance of the name-calling, however, reminding the gathered observers that G.I. Joes would be on peacekeeping duties. "If anyone can keep these robots in line, it's the Real American

Heroes!"

Though most outside observers agree the presence of the Joes is necessary, several Transformers objected to the presence of outsiders, particularly Starscream, the Decepticon second-in-command.

"But Cobra Commander and I are voiced by the same actor!" he screeched. "How the sweet hell is he supposed to be doing two voices at once? It's madness!"

To this, Optimus Prime, clearly inebriated off of the celebratory champagne, repeatedly cried "Transform and ROLL OUT!" and began pounding the table. When Starscream noted that he was a plane, and thus could not "roll" anywhere, Prime mumbled something incoherently which was later determined to be "Suck my Matrix, Decepti-fuck."

Despite lingering concerns about Prime's sobriety and how it may affect the peace process, plans have already begun to erect a statue to commemorate the occasion. At press time, however, the Constructors were still too busy making sandcastles to be bothered with drawing up plans.

Mysterious white powder in Bush's office 'just drugs'

MINSISCULE FRISKY
CanBrest News Service
WASHINGTON

After many hours of investigation involving a leading U.S. powder scientist and a canine team, a mysterious white powder discovered in President George W. Bush's office was identified as "just cocaine."

The administration breathed a collective sigh of relief yesterday morning after the head of the powder team determined that the substance was not, in fact, anthrax.

"Eet eez clearly nut zee anthrax deezeez," said German-sounding powder scientist Emerald V. Nazburgen, licking his forefinger. "Eensted, eeteez probablee just droogs."

Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld emphasized that it has yet to be proven that the incident is not related to terrorism.

"There's a strong link between al-Qaeda and drugs," said the President at a press conference yesterday.

"We are fighting both a war on drugs and a war against terror at the same time—in both cases, the bad guys are more or less the same. Both have weapons of mass distraction—I mean, destruction—since drugs, like bombs, have the power to cripple the moral fortitude of our glorious nation. And both enemies are drug-using, anti-Christian, America-hating scum bags, as well."

When questioned about his own history of drug addiction and a possible personal connection between the President and the powder, Bush was uncharacteristically candid.

"I suffered a lot of emotional distress back in the '80s. Like so many youths, I fell victim to the drug-abusing anti-American, anti-Christian drug peddlers.

I was, in fact, physically forced to take my first hit by a gay, black drug dealer in L.A.," he said. Wiping his crocodile tears, Bush walked over to Rumsfeld for a quick hug before continuing.

Turning towards the media again, he raised his eyebrows, wiggled his ears, cocked his head to the side, and poured on the boyish charm.

"Nah, that powder couldn't possibly belong to me. I'm a good, wholesome, unpolluted American. And I should add that I've only tried pot once. Oh yeah, and I didn't inhale. That's just morally reprehensible."

Today, Rumsfeld announced that the U.S. terror warning system is now at "code white" as a result of yesterday's incident. When asked what the hell this means, he told the media simply, "Meh, I think we're going to blow up North Korea. And Afghan rebels are inciting more violence, and um, in the name of democracy and freedom, we're going to have to blow the legs off some more Afghan children."

But some critics have questioned the incident, and are raising questions about Bush's ability to lead the most powerful nation in the world.

Marguerite Smith from the Human Institute for Peace, Progress and You (HIPPY), called the incident a disturbing reminder of the Bush administration's arrogance.

"Bush is clearly abusing drugs again, and—whooa, get your hands off of me, you goons. What the—" she said, before being hauled away by several goons.

When questioned about the incident, some average-Joe, Joe Johnson, called the incident "minor."

"At least it was a powder and not a liquid," he said. "Not like that whole Monica Lewinsky thing with that other guy. I'm still a Republican all the way."



ASSOCIATED PRESS

Another massive snowfall shutdown the town of Coeur D'Alene, Idaho this weekend. Apparently, God hates this boring town so much, he just keeps dumping on it. Good for you, Lord

Cool kids 'smoke': expert

REAL BIG SLUT
Continued from A1

Others in the area were worried at the possibility of disease transmittal, and Councilor Birdith Phatso laid out the potential implications a loose local girl could have for the population at large.

"It would appear that dozens of teens, including previous members of the debate and chess clubs, could run the risk of contracting 'coolness' through sexual contact with Ms. Parkinson," Phatso explained, using air quotes as she spoke for emphasis. "Once an adolescent has tested positive for 'coolness,' there isn't much modern medicine can do for them—it's a very complicated infection. Life for cool kids almost always ends after graduation: they're left to work as mechanics at Wal-Mart and generally become terrible people with many illegitimate children. Nobody likes these people after the disease has run its course—they are like lepers with Down's Syndrome who play football."

Phatso also confirmed that coolness can be complicated with other serious health issues, as it leaves "retarded little 15-year-old dipshits thinking it's smart to smoke and drink." As of press time, several of the local teens connected to Parkinson admitted they were anxious for their cigarette addictions to kick in. Fratter, who turned to cigarettes three weeks ago after a failed attempt at smoking paprika, said he is "totally stoked" for his cravings to start.

"Right now, I still kind of gag when I try to inhale, and it sort of feels like someone is punching me in the throat really really hard when I do it, but I can't wait to see what it's like when I'm hooked," he noted, pulling in a drag more awkward than his shoddy Blink 182-inspired haircut. "I bet it'll be awesome when my brain really gets hooked on nicotine; I'll have to skip out of Bio 23 for smokes and stuff."

Parkinson could not be reached for comment, possibly because she was in the middle of a good time.

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Edmonton: 'Wayne Gretzky used to live here'

CRAZIN' PANSTCOMOFF
Urinal Staff Writer
 EDMONTON

In what many considered to be a shameless grab for attention based on accomplishments of the past, the city of Edmonton announced yesterday that Wayne Gretzky "used to live here."

"Were pretty sure he doesn't live here anymore," the collective will of the city stated in a press conference at City Hall Monday, "but nonetheless, it is important to express that he used to."

According to *Urinal* sources, Gretzky, or the "Great One," used to play for the Edmonton Oilers in the 1980s, which according to Edmontonians clearly makes Edmonton "the greatest city in Canada—or at least better in

City residents try desperately to regain glory of the '80s

every way than Calgary."

"We've got three little words for you, Calgary," said Edmonton. "Five. Stanley. Cups. Four of those while Gretzky lived here. How many do you have? One? Oh, that's too bad. Because we have five. Four with Gretz. How could you even begin to suggest that your city is cleaner, more aesthetically pleasing and more affluent when you haven't had the greatest hockey player to ever play the game live in your city? It's just embarrassing, really."

Calgary responded to this goading with an indifferent shrug. "Wow, really? You used to have a good hockey

team? Well, how could we possibly compete with the civic prowess this affords your ugly, brown, industrial hellhole of a city," the people of Calgary asked. "Let us know when you decide to stop living in 1990."

When pressed (and by pressed, we mean not asked at all), Edmonton further cited that Mark Messier, Craig MacTavish, Esa Tikkanen, and Grant Fuhr also played in Edmonton over a decade ago, further cementing Edmonton's claim as the greatest hockey location in all of the universe. When it was pointed out that Fuhr also played for the Flames, Edmonton responded, saying, "The only good player that

Calgary ever had was that guy with the stupid mustache and he sucked." The *Urinal* assumes this is a reference to former Flame Lanny MacDonald.

Other cities, meanwhile, seemed similarly unconvinced of the importance of the fact that Gretzky used to play in Edmonton. "Well the Rocket used to play here," stated Montréal. "And Guy Lafleur. And Patrick Roy. And we have over twenty Stanley Cup banners. But we usually base our worth as a city on other things, like say, hundreds of years of cultural and architectural heritage. Or the fact that people actually know where our city is. You know, stuff like that."

Los Angeles, who had Gretzky for almost as long as Edmonton, was slightly confused by the question. "Gretzky? Is he a NASCAR driver? Because that's really more popular in the south." When informed that he was the greatest hockey player of all time, the city seemed to have a glimmer of recollection. "Oh yeah, he was the one with the hot wife. Yeah, she was on *Days* or something, right?"

Undeterred by these comments, Edmonton stood fast on its claim that the Great One did play here. "He was so awesome, and even though he never comes here anymore, he totally used to all the time. He, like, *lived* here." There is as of yet no word as to when Edmonton plans on taking a look around at how sad they really are.

1 in 4 students are crazy for herpes

BEEF MORON
Urinal Staff Writer
 U OF A CAMPUS BAR

One out of every four students at the University of Alberta has a raging case of herpes, according to the blatantly misinterpreted results of a new study. The study, commissioned by the provincial government to determine student involvement in political organizations, also determined that the 75 per cent of students not afflicted with the sexually transmitted disease were "very intrigued" about the disease and where they could get it.

The low numbers came as a surprise to the government, who expected the University to be a "hotbed of political organization [and wild, drunken orgies]," according to the press release.

"These numbers are actually much lower than originally anticipated," remarked government spokesperson Don Sobchak. "We expected many more students [to feel an uncontrollably painful burning sensation whenever they peed]. The fact that they're languishing at the 25 per cent mark shows us [that they probably didn't ask too many frat boys, because those guys are a veritable petri dish of STDs]."

University of Alberta Students' Union President Mat Brechtel was far less surprised at the results, and pointed largely to a lack of government funding for postsecondary institutions as the main reason behind the low involvement of students in extracurricular activities like humping each other's brains out.

"While I'll admit [I have a raging case of syphilis myself], we cannot expect most students to be able to attend classes, hold down a job to pay for this opportunity, and [run around indiscriminately screwing anything with two legs]," said an exasperated Brechtel as he furiously scratched his groin through his sweatpants.

See CHAFFING / A7

INSIDE SHITTYPLUS

Lamie Small's Peons

Regular Edmontonians being stalked by journalists. Oooooohh! / A7

STRAW VOTE

What's that burning smell, honey?
 ▶ 64.04% — The kitchen's on fire, dumbass!
 ▶ 35.96% — Our marriage, you heartless bastard!
 There were infinity plus one votes, LOL!
 To vote in our online polls, download the internet, hax0rz!!

Grade three student hopes to be youngest city councilor ever

DEPRAVID FINELAY'S SON
 and HARRY SOCRUDE
Civic Affairs Writer
 EDMONTON

This spring, candidates in the municipal election may face their cutest competition yet, as eight-year-old Hazeldean Elementary student Ashley Kent throws her Barbie baseball cap into the ring.

If elected, Kent, the current treasurer of her grade three class, will become the youngest city councilor ever, a prospect Kent thinks is "pretty cool."

"I like ponies," expressed Kent from her treehouse in Ward Four. Aside from her passionate interest in equestrian sport, Kent is dedicated to several issues facing the Edmonton community. She advocates longer recesses for her classmates, tax-free chocolate milk, and mandatory ponies for all little girls. She also demands that her older brother Braydon stops bugging her—right now.

Growing up on the south side, Kent has been quite the little leader. She is the founder of several student groups, including the No Boys Allowed Club, the Ashley and Montana R Kewl Club, the Ashley and Montana ONLY Club, the Ashley Only 'cause Montana Smells Club, the Ashley and Michelle (cause Montana's ugly) Club, and the Ashley and Montana = Best Friends 4-eva Club. With many initiatives spearheaded by this little miss, Kent thought City Council was the logical next step.

"My teacher, Mrs. B., took us to City Council and it was fun and I liked it and they had desks and they got to dress up and they had ice cream and I like ice cream and they serve ice cream all the time, that's what Mrs. B. said, and she said maybe I could grow up to be a councilor one day so umm,



JAMES GANDOLFINI, THE SOPRANOS

Ashley Kent, the eight-year-old council hopeful, stares into the future—a future with ponies

do you wanna play Barbies?"

Heading up the Kent campaign is Montana Ross, Kent's best friend of two years and Vice-President of the Ashley and Montana R Kewl club. "Ashley and I make lots of posters. We like colouring a lot," Ross commented on their campaign strategy.

"[Kent's competition] Mrs. Jane Batty doesn't have very pretty posters. We're using glitter on our posters. I like glitter. It's pretty. We're also using coloured paper. Coloured paper is also pretty. I think we'll win. When we win, can we go for ice cream?" Ross asked her mom.

"I agree with her stance on certain issues, such as the pony bill," expressed current Ward Four Councilor Batty.

"But, while I support diversity within city coun-

cil, the age of my opponent concerns me. Labour laws state she can only work five-hour days. We may have to institute a naptime for her. The logistics of it seem completely unreasonable."

Kent was shocked by Batty's assertions and loudly proclaimed that if elected, she would not fold to discriminatory labour laws restricting her work time. After yelling, screaming, and rolling on the floor with great fervour, Kent stated she would hold her breath indefinitely in defiance of Batty's claims. Mrs. Cynthia Kent, the candidate's mother, quickly pulled her daughter from the interview until "Ashley quit her usual monkeyshines."

No further comments on the contentious naptime issue were available, as Kent was grounded with no TV as of press time.

Kool-Aid Man arrested for property damage

FILM AAHH!
Urinal Staff Writer
 THE GUTTER

Sources close to the Kool-Aid man have stated that his bursting through a wall yesterday—which caused thousands of dollars in property damage and injured three children—was a sad and horrible mistake.

"Kool was just trying to revitalize his career," stated Aid's manager and agent Dr. Evan P. Juice. "He would never hurt children intentionally. Without kids to mix up his delicious powders, there would be no Kool-Aid man."

The children involved in the incident had mixed feelings about the entire affair. Robert Mulhound—a nine-year-old who had his arm broken by flying debris—was confused but supportive of Aid. "It used to be all about the Kool-Aid, man. I don't know what was going on yesterday, but it wasn't about the Kool-Aid. I'm sure Kool didn't mean to hurt anyone, though. He was going to come by and apologize today, but he couldn't fit through the door, and didn't want to burst through any more walls after what happened."

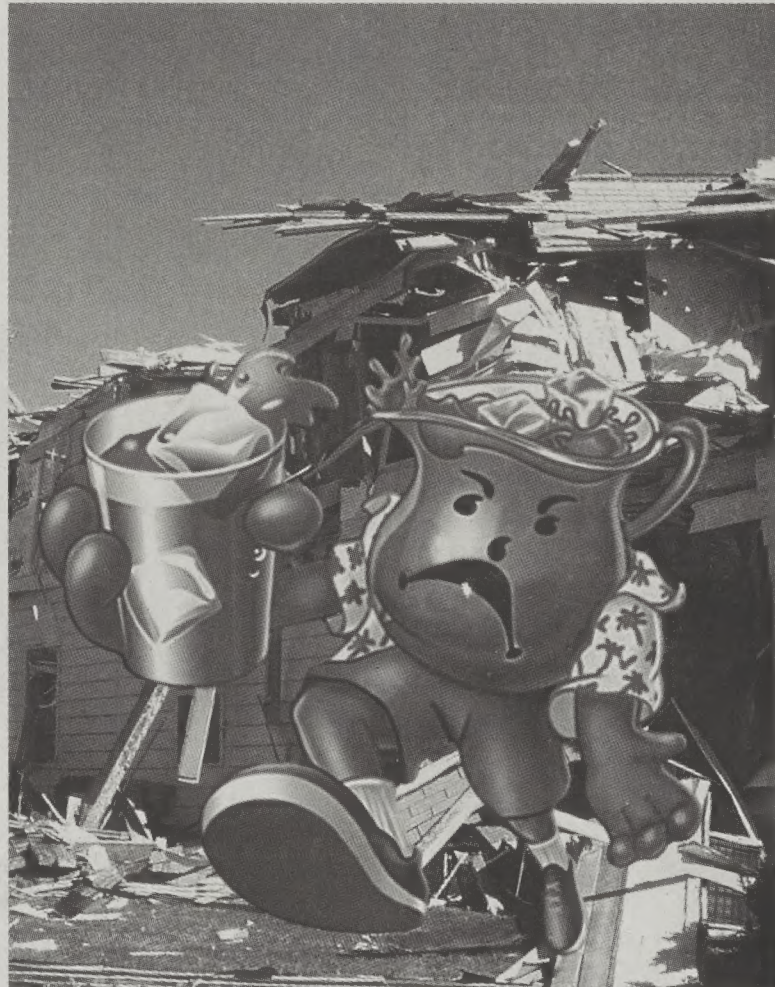
All weren't as supportive as little Mulhound, however. Parents Opposed to Kool-Aid Induced Destruction (POKAID) have started a campaign to not only stop Aid's wall-

bursting highjinks but to have the big lug thrown in jail. "Really, getting a court to put that watered down sell-out in jail wouldn't be that much of a problem," said POKAID President Ann Tastey. "The real trouble would be in keeping him there. We have done some preliminary tests and talked to the Pentagon, but it seems that they have as of yet not designed a jail cell that will hold the Kool-Aid man."

Aid could not be reached for comment, but has released a message to all of his fans. "I don't know what happened; I'm not a mean-spirited guy," it stated, followed by a solemn, "Oh, YEAH!"

The authorities are still hesitant to make any sweeping comments on the outcome of the case or the guilt of Aid. "I don't know if we can even prosecute him if he is guilty," said chief investigator Jim Suggry. "I mean, he isn't really a person, he's just a giant jug of Kool-Aid with a smile drawn into the condensation. He doesn't even have a torso, just a really big face."

One thing that both sides can agree on here is that people won't take the deadly business of Kool-Aid lightly anymore. "First there was Jonestown, now this," exclaimed Tastey. "If this doesn't smarten people up about that evil mix of water sugar and flavouring, I don't know what will."



GRACE KELLY, AP

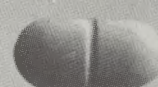
Oh, NO! The Kool-Aid man destroys property, willy nilly. Jiggery-pokery



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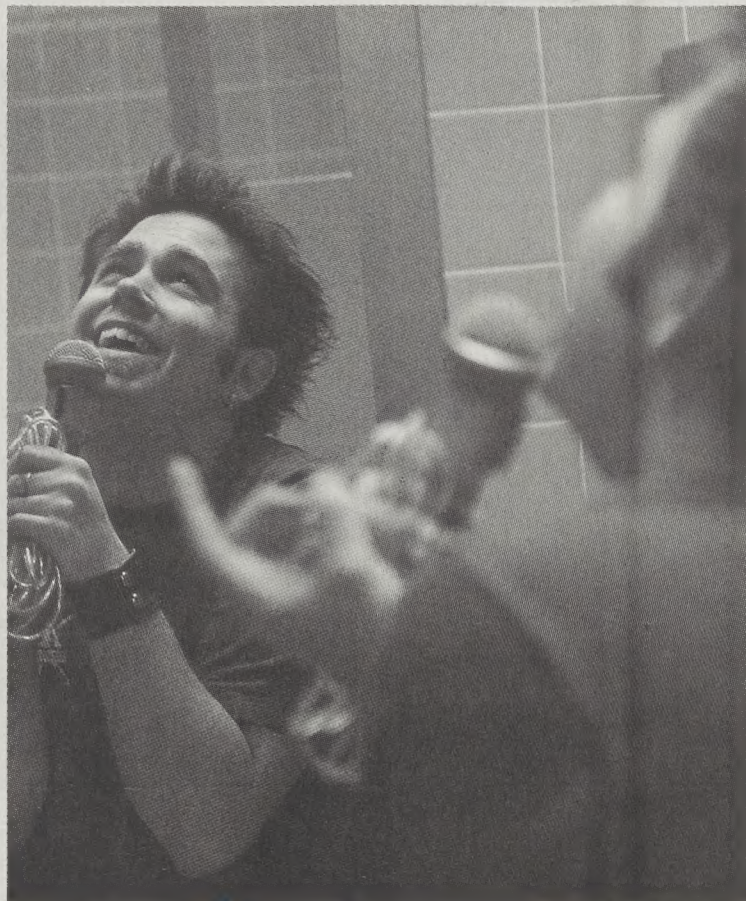
Side effects may include dink explosion, rash, sweatpant fabric fatigue, unexpected turgidity, infidelity, and gas. Should not be taken by diabetics, alcoholics, children under ten, schizophrenics, and pregnant or nursing women.

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Local hipster caught singing Kylie Minogue in the bathroom

LEATHER PADLER
Goth
SOME GUY'S HOUSE



LOVE HATER, THE URINAL

Jessie "the Duke" Stellar sings horrible pop music in the bathroom

bucks, but maintains he hasn't sold out. "It's not like I had a Frappuccino or anything," he said defensively, kicking at the tire of his purple moped. "I was only there to see how lame it was and so I could, like, laugh my ass off at all the assholes who go there. Besides, the girl who works the counter is really cute and I see her at shows all the time."

With evidence piling up against his supposed hipness, Stellar vowed to

never play the Minogue CD again and told the *Urinal* he plans to organize a local benefit concert featuring totally inaccessible bands to raise money for a new anti-corporate 'zine. "This whole incident really taught me a lesson about what being cool is really about," he remarked. "I can't like what I actually enjoy: it's just not feasible if I want the other guys who play in bands in this city to respect me."

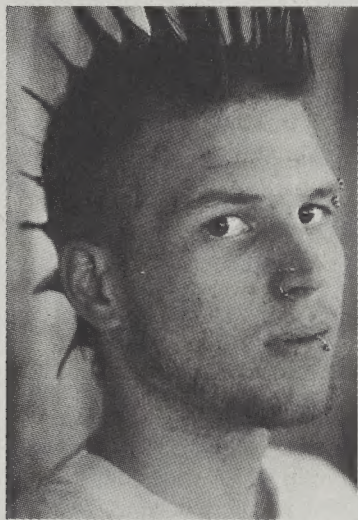
PEOPLE

Lamie Hall



Hangin' with Mr. Cooper

If Dwayne Cooper knew I was watching him, he probably wouldn't be walking around his house in a bath robe. But he doesn't. And he is.



The light terrycloth barely covers his robust figure as he makes his normal breakfast of eggs with lightly browned toast. When he accidentally spills some milk and bends over to wipe it up, it sends my heart aflutter.

When he does finally see me peeking through his blinds, he gets that same shocked look he does every Friday morning, before going over to the phone, again, and calling the police. "Hi, Bill, yeah, it's me again. Yeah, she's back. I've lost count, too. Just get here soon."

The silly fool. He knows I'll be back. He just hasn't realized it yet. Farewell, darling.

License plate

As I begin to flee the police sirens, I notice Dwayne's immaculate '94 Tempo in the driveway, with a personalized license plate. I like to think that it means "Lamie, you're my little gaffer." Of course, it might refer to his soft-hearted nature, or his loving countenance.

Edmonton Journal: 1977

► "City Council closed chambers early yesterday when mayor Terry Cavanagh once again repeatedly

demanding all the councilors 'feel the funk of the Disco beat' and began dancing the funky chicken. Observers blamed the copious amounts of cocaine present in chambers for the outburst."

► "Former football star and current city businessman Bill Smith had to be subdued yesterday when he challenged Calgary mayor Rod Sykes to a knife-fight over Sykes' claim that Calgary is "the greatest city in the greatest province in the greatest country in the world."

► "Editorial: Pierre Elliot Trudeau is a left-wing pinko commie who's stealing all of our oil, and he's also kind of fruity, because that oil is ours. I hope all you eastern bastards freeze in the dark!"

Herpes the new piercing

CHAFFING
Continued from A5

"If the majority of the student body wasn't so busy just trying to get by, maybe we would have the opportunity to [afflict ourselves with painful sores] more often."

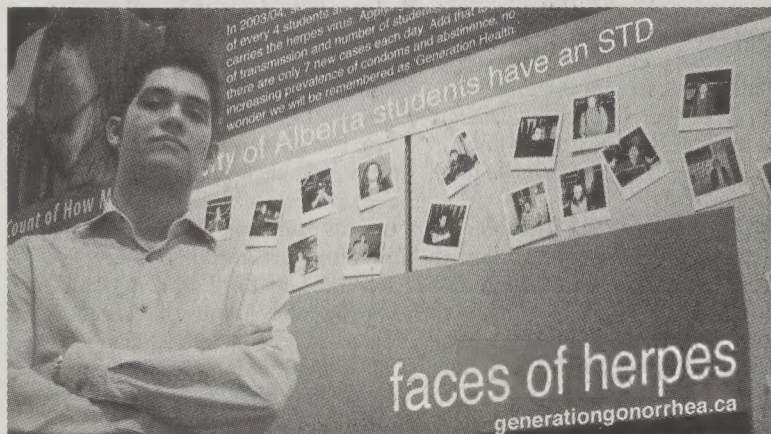
Health officials at the University were equally unsurprised at the relatively low results, but cited student apathy as the primary reason more students weren't peeing red.

"I'm just a nurse at the campus health station, why are you asking me about the results of a political survey?" questioned registered nurse Jan Whitley. "Well, I mean, I guess that seems about right. From my experience, most students today just don't really care enough [to actively seek out the clap] like earlier generations did."

According to Sobchak, government officials have considered programs to increase participation in sexual diseases before, but few saw the need. With these results, however, Albertans can soon expect to see ads encouraging students to "Get Involved [With Gonorrhea]," among others.

"Obviously, [herpes] is a nice place to start, but it can't end there if we hope to have a lasting effect with getting students involved," said Sobchak.

"There are countless opportunities out there for students, and it would be a shame for them not to experience [a painful discharge, or at the very least an uncomfortable rash] at least once in their life. University isn't just about academics; it's also about [being unable to sleep at night because of a rampant crab infestation], and we can't forget that."



JOHN STABBINGTON, THE URINAL

Students' Union President Mat Brechtel [wishes his loins burned]

CLASSIFIED

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so listen up.

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Announcements

Study Medicine in Europe. Visit www.medical-school.ca or email canadian-info@medical-school.ca.

Edmonton's first major pop culture fair. Sunday, April 18th 10am - 4pm. Aviation Heritage Centre. 11410 Kinsway Avenue. Admission \$3. Children under 11 free. Thousands of collectibles for sale. Records, comics, toys, trading cards, pulp fiction, sports, music, movie, television, auto memorabilia and more. Hundreds of movie promo giveaways. Free 48/3195.

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to door or telemarketing. Be a part of an exciting summer! 497-7701 or www.summervorknow.com/uag. Apply now, start now or after finals.

African students and graduates needed as volunteers for an emerging African family services agency. Could turn into well-paid positions and honest businesses. Join us at a forthcoming recruitment meeting at the SUB. Contact Amaka (Graduate from Toronto): Tel/Fax: (780) 437-1119.

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TLTF

JuluTrain's Campus Recommendation of the Week: poo in a shoe.

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PREACH IT

PREDITORIALS

You should buy the National Joke upsell

Several statistics have come out today which are both distressing and perplexing.

According to our team of subscription personnel, it seems that almost all of the *Urinal's* readers have refused to agree to the *National Joke* upsell. This just doesn't make sense; don't you people see the value here? Not only do you get the fine publication that is the *Edmonton Urinal*, but you also get all the national news that CanBreast deems fit to give you. It's a deal, people! Why are you so blind to that fact? You see, as a *Urinal* subscriber, you get a special rate on the *Joke*. A special rate! How can you not see that this is a *good deal*, people?

If you spend your money on the *National Joke*, you won't have to spend time worrying about spending that money each month. Think of all the time you'll save by not having to spend that money each month. Hopefully you can all come to your senses before this offer expires.

Oh, who are we kidding? The offer will never expire; we have tons of these papers and they aren't going anywhere. That's right, we have tons of papers left over because you schlubs aren't buying subscriptions. So not only do you hate good deals and good papers, but you also hate trees and the environment as well.

Not only are you hateful, spiteful little people because you're killing the environment, but you've also made many of our subscription personnel sad.

Take Marta, for example—one of our subscription staff. She has seven children, and with the money she was going to make from commission, she was going to buy her kids food so they wouldn't starve. Since she was unable to sell a single *National Joke* subscription to you *Urinal* ingrates, her children are all going to go without food for the next few weeks.

So let's go down the list here: you are stupid because you can't see a deal. You are lazy because you hate the environment. You are soulless because you hate Marta and are starving her children. You seem to hate so many things that we must assume that you hate love as well. It all makes sense now: anyone who doesn't buy the *National Joke* upsell also hates love; that is the only way to explain it.

Seriously, what kind of person are you anyway? You're doing a great disservice to yourself and everyone else in your city when you don't buy a subscription to the *National Joke*. What would Wayne Gretzky say, people? What would Wayne Gretzky say?

SECOND WIND

Differences unite us, you schizophrenic nation

An editorial from the *Montréal Gazette*:

There's nothing better than the smooth flavour of a mild cigarette, the smooth flavour of some delicious cheese, and the smooth flavour of a silky-smooth woman. That is what being a French-speaking non-separatist Canadian is all about. That, and being exceedingly rude to anyone who isn't the same as you.

You see, we're a unique group of people. In fact, we're unlike any other minority in Canada. And this is something all English-Canadians need to hear from a sympathetic, French-speaking English journalist living in Montréal.

Yes, I live among them. And I'm here to tell you the message that all English-Canadians need to hear: we're all the same, my friends. But let's not forget our staunch differences—differences which we mustn't allow to divide us.

Like all of this great nation's provinces—each of them unique in their own right—we are a uniquely Canadian people. But, we're also a uniquely *un*-Canadian people. From our love of maple syrup—and your constant, "Oh, no, you guys go ahead and make it; we'll just invade your province and export it to *our* provinces"—to our sad, disgusting obsession with poutine, we are a unique

culture *within* Canada.

We shouldn't dwell on that, however. Because, not unlike our mostly-English neighbours to the south, united we stand. There are indeed some things we can all agree on: hockey is a terrific sport, though specifically, the Canadiens are terrific sportsmen. We agree on federal governments—people like me vote Liberal; some other folks around here, they tend to vote to separate. But we all vote, so at least we have that in common. Most of us, anyway.

Still, there are those out there who, despite what we have in common, and despite the fact that our uniqueness in turn makes Canadians and Canadiens alike a unique people, together, are trying to divide this snowdriven French-English Canada. To those people, I say: stand up and recognize our uniqueness, but recognize it as unique *together*. We cannot let these trifling—and yet somehow major—differences destroy our ancient, 141-year-old history.

We are much the same, although we are quite different, English Canada. There is only one difference that matters, however. And that is that *our* differences tend to manifest themselves in the form of sympathy and dollar signs from Ottawa.



You are truly quite stupid

That is, you are stupid for not being as right-wing as I am

Pom Hunter



These days, almost everything you read in our supposedly "free, unbiased" media somehow involves their favorite magical fairyland, the fiefdom known as "Ottawa."

Whenever any money is spent, you can bet that someone from Ottawa is somehow responsible. Almost any news story, whether it's about farming, highway construction, marijuana, or even just "climate change," quotes someone from Ottawa. Even in the sports sections of every newspaper, writers trip over themselves to fawn over an Ottawa hockey team.

And when the media isn't talking about Ottawa, they're spewing some claptrap about "Québec" or "the Maritimes" or some other alleged place in "eastern Canada."

How gullible—or worse—these so-called journalists are. The far-left pseudo-scientific commie geography establishment has totally blinded their eyes to reality.

The idea of an entire eastern portion of this country—as big as the western half, yet somehow containing twice the population—is preposterous enough on the face of it. But to further assert that this enchanted land is filled with Liberal supporters, as they always do, is simply ridiculous. Just think about how many Liberals you know; I'm willing to bet you don't know very many. Do you really believe that there could be a

place populated by millions of them? Of course you don't; that sort of moronic quasi-intellectual nonsense is clearly false.

But you don't have to take my word for it. More and more scientific studies are backing up these intuitions. The eastern assertion that the Canadian land-mass extends beyond Manitoba has been torn to shreds by a recent report showing that the data used by eastern theorists to calculate Canada's area is fundamentally flawed. Those theorists used data gathered from weather balloons high in the atmosphere. But when readings are taken from the ground—the very place where Canada's area actually is—the numbers clearly show that the area is only about half of what the establishment would have us believe.

Not only that, but even if the country's area *were* anything like what they say it is—and again, it's clearly not—there's no way that it could be overrun by Liberals. Polls conducted in the West repeatedly demonstrate that the vast majority of people are intelligent, thoughtful conservatives. Extrapolating these results, it's clear that the theoretical "East" couldn't possibly be overwhelmingly supportive of the Liberal Party.

Yet not only do the eastern theorists claim that this "place" is overwhelmingly Liberal, they produce obviously doctored studies purporting to "prove" this fact. They then use these alleged "studies" to promote their political agenda; the West is now stuck with a shockingly pro-Liberal government, almost entirely due to so-called "eastern votes."

In recent years, a growing number of scientists, backed up not only by

thorough research but by just plain old common sense, have come forward to dispute the widespread yet wholly unsubstantiated belief that "eastern Canada" exists. Just this past weekend, in fact, the From Sea to Prairie Foundation held a conference in Winnipeg (a stone's throw from where eastern Canada is alleged to begin, you'll note), where 17,943 more signatures were added to a petition repudiating the freedom-killing eastern Canadian theory and calling on Premier Ralph Klein to act forcefully to prevent it from damaging the decent, conservative West any more than it already has.

The lefty traitors who are trying to pass off this ridiculous theory, however, are clearly not motivated by science. Consider this quote from Wilma Lenin, former assistant secretary to the junior vice-president of media relations at the Centre for Extra-Prairie Studies, a leading proponent of the theory of eastern Canada: "Those western-centric bastards need to shut the hell up."

"Only a moron would deny the existence of eastern Canada, and if they knew what was good for them, they'd shut their traps and let their policy be guided by eastern theory, because it's obviously true no matter what evidence they have to the contrary. Also, Adolf Hitler was awesome and I like eating puppies."

This shocking statement is a clear indication of the obvious brainless, dim-witted, totalitarian, pro-gay, deceptive intentions of the eastern theorists. We can only hope that the growing scientific consensus against this greedy, heartless, idealistic theory will succeed in stopping it before it kills freedom once and for all.

Klein's spendservitavism is destroying all we hold dear

Albertans are footing the bill for King Ralph's hijinks

Premier Klein loves fun. He loves fun almost as much as he loves peppermint schnapps and dying his hair with the blood of the lower class. Perhaps that's why he's recently been throwing money around—and he's not hucking it at the homeless this time. He's been using more taxpayers' money than you could measure with a protractor set on "improving" the Legislature.

His spending on the wacky-fun slide is just the most visible expenditure in a long line of purchases that are gradually turning our provincial building into West Edmonton Mall without the dolphins—except that Klein recently installed a dolphin tank in the cafeteria to entertain MLAs while they eat.

Klein defends his decision to make the legislature the happiest place north of Alcatraz. "Look, your MLAs, they work hard, and after a long hard day of MLAing, don't you think they deserve to stop by a Turkish bath for a nice massage? The fact that that Turkish bath just happens to be 20 feet from my office door only makes it more convenient."

Loaded Thompson



Showing that they know which side of the toast their bread is buttered on, the Tory MLAs all jumped on board with Klein like Mexicans on a semi heading illegally into the United States. Yes, they jumped on board like a bunch of frogs in a lumber yard.

"Who are the taxpayers to suggest that I don't deserve to take a refreshing spin on one of our three world-class rollercoasters after sitting through another budget report?" questioned provincial Minister of Finance, Pat Nelson. "Besides, our cabinet meetings have been twice as productive since we started holding them in the Olympic-sized hot tub we filled with diamonds in Gary Mar's office."

The Turkish bath, rollercoasters, and hot tubs are just a few examples of Legislature improvements Klein has overseen, but which the general public rarely hears about. They rarely hear about it like a deaf man rarely hears about anything, in fact. But if you've heard of even a fraction of

the wild expenditures—like the exotic zoo featuring such animals as a stegosaurus, a flock of dodo birds and the fantapopotamus—you would probably ask yourself, "Why am I talking to myself when I could be asking Loaded Thompson what some of these other wild changes are?" As you should. Ask yourself that, that is. Because it would be like asking Zeus, Father of Lightning.

The provincial Liberals are asking themselves much the same question these days, even though they should know what kind of changes have been made. So they don't need to ask me. But they might anyway. Because they're a rudderless official opposition.

"Sure, I like having our memos delivered by a pneumatic tube system as much as any MLA, but doesn't this seem a little wasteful?" newly-elected Liberal leader Kevin Taft asked his dog, Rupert, who noted that no one else was aware Alberta even had an opposition party. "I mean, do we really need seadoos to ride around on in the Legislature pool? Huh? Do we, boy? Do we? No we don't. That's a good boy."

But let's face it: whatever we think, Klein is going to continue building Six Flags in the home of democracy. He'll build it like a construction company—a construction company with



Premier Klein, with his new haircut, on the Legislature rollercoaster

a lot of money, time, and the support of almost 60 per cent of Alberta's electorate. That's more support than

Wonderbra.

And he'll be having fun the entire time, all on your dime.

RETARDED DOGS ON VALIUM

Driver totally misses the obvious on Jasper Ave

Coming home from work today, traveling at a respectable speed, I was shocked to be passed by two cars that proceeded to dangerously change lanes in front of me and then whiz through a red light. In addition, the second driver sported a blue light on top of his vehicle, a visual impediment at any time of the day, but especially at sunset when one is already struggling to see. It also had a blaring siren-like noise coming out of it. I can't tell you how much this distracts a studious driver.

The two cars pulled over a couple blocks later with the rear car parked halfway into the right hand lane, dangerously clogging traffic on an already busy street. A man from the rear car coaxed the other driver out from his vehicle and

they engaged in a seemingly aggressive conversation. All this occurred on Jasper Avenue during rush hour.

I am shocked and appalled that the Edmonton Police Service would allow such dangerous actions to continue on our streets. With multiple fatalities on our roads every year, it is precisely this type of driving that must be stopped.

Where are the police when we need them? Why are they not out on our streets making our community a safer place? There could have been some serious consequences as a result of this event. Something has to be done so this kind of traffic tomfoolery doesn't become a common occurrence.

Shannon Natverson, Edmonton

Damn the government!

I'm tired of all these stupid bleeding-heart liberals picking my pocket year in and year out to pay for their precious "social programs." I say screw handouts for the needy and the government's drive of the week. "Feed the Hungry," "Clothe the Naked," "Ritually Purify the Unclean"? Bah! What about my needs? I'm tired of giving up my disposable income! We need to pay off the debt so taxes can go down for good, honest, hard-working folks like me who bust ass doing amateur wrestling league promotions.

But what makes me even angrier is that the government won't support the people! I mean, healthcare's in sham-

bles, and what is the government doing? Supporting Canadian industry to promote the economy? What right-wing bullshit! People rely on the healthcare system for every day injuries—you know, like when you slip on your own saliva after drooling over pictures of Belinda Stronach. If we don't support healthcare, soon people all over the country, like me, would have to wait in a lineup to have their injuries treated.

What the government really needs to do is invest in genetically engineering a money tree. It's so obvious, even our government should get on board.

Do they honestly think our country's financial situations will get better through well thought-out and planned initiatives that take time?

No. It's about the quick fix. And if that isn't an oil-fueled party well stocked with coke and whores, I don't know what is. I dare you to try and argue with that.

James O'Ranty, Edmonton

Goons ruined my rug

This issue has, well, many facets; you know, many interested parties.

Seriously, they pissed on my fucking rug, man. You don't do that—piss on a man's rug, I mean.

It's just that the rug really tied the room together.

The real Lebowsky should compensate me for the fucking rug.

The Dude, Los Angeles

How come you never call me anymore?

The terrorists have already won

You're late again. Well, if you were going to be late, you could have at least called. It doesn't take any extra effort to pick up a phone.

Well, it's just inconsiderate. I went to the trouble to make your favourite—roast beef—and you don't have the courtesy to at least give me a phone call to let me know you'll be late. Now your supper's cold.

Where were you, anyway? Don't give me that "working late." You stopped by the bar again, didn't you? I can smell the smoke on your clothes.

What the hell is that supposed to mean, I'm acting like my mother? I'm acting like a woman with a husband who obviously doesn't care about her. Oh, you'll take me out to dinner? So, what now, you don't even like my cooking?

You always do this. You can't just buy your way out of it this time, mister. I don't just want things, I want a husband who cares enough about his wife to pick up the goddamn phone when he's going to be home three hours late. What do you mean calm down? I am calm!

Sure, just walk away! God forbid we should ever try to talk about our problems! No, it's much better to stare at that goddamn TV and have a beer than pay attention to me! I don't know why I put up with this!

Jane Jetson, Sherwood Park

Local man totally hates Calgary

I hate Calgary. And no, I'm not talking about the hockey. We all know that nobody wins in hockey anymore, at least not if you're from a small-market city. But anyway, I'm sick and tired of Calgary getting all the juice. Not only do they get the money for the schools and the fresh seats in the legislature, but they get the Krispy Kreme doughnuts!

Yes, yes: perhaps more people live in Calgary since there is some "scale" of economy down there; but seriously, poor people like doughnuts just as much, perhaps even more than the rich. And there is a lot more new money in Cowtown than here in the city formerly known as PCL Baseball champs (God bless those Trappers).

Point is, drive around Calgary and you'll see a lot of fancy cars and the odd Tim Hortons; here, you witness a much greater Dodge Shadow per capita. And where do you see the poor people in their Dodge Shadows? That's right, Joey Moss, you'll see them in the drive-thru of one of our many glorious Timmy/Wendy's combos. Where the fuck else can you get a double-double, a crueller and a junior bacon cheese for the road! Am I wrong? Am I wrong?

Shut the fuck up, Donny.

Anyway.

Who's the genius who gave all the grease to Cowtown? Do you suppose the Beamers and Benzes will roll up to the Krispy? No. A thousand times no. Nobody that concerned with appearances will tolerate flakes of sweet, sweet vanilla frosting getting wedged in their leather seats. It'll get sticky as shit when they turn on the heaters!

So, seriously, I hate Calgary. And so should you. But I'm going down next week if anyone needs a ride.

M. Peniscutty, Edmonton



Nobody proofread this letter

Your newspaper, normally a fine publication, has really dropped the ball when it comes to the letters page. It has become a haven for spazzes, freak-shows, crackpots, dingbats, wingnuts, cranks, and fruitcakes, and I am the worst of the lot.

In the past twelve months, you have published no fewer than 22 of my rambling tirades, ranging from the mildly confusing to the criminally insane. Jesus! What would make you think such categorical retardedness would deserve a spot in the paper?

My first few letters were of the relatively harmless "personal grievance" genre, starting with an open letter to Mayor Bill Smith on the subject of

snow removal ("Plow my street, you lazy son of bitch," March 12). The successful printing of that was quickly followed up with a diatribe against my neighbour, entitled "Rob, keep your fucking dog quiet or I will kill it while you sleep," (April 1). My neighbour's name is Rob.

You could have stopped me there. But you didn't. You followed me into my "political expert" phase, which churned out such gems as "Gun control is pointless; you could kill me with a spoon if you really wanted to" (June 13), and "Cut my taxes then give me free healthcare," (July 30). I mean, what was I thinking? And more importantly, what were you thinking?

But things just kept getting worse. Try this one: "June Carter Cash was country music's Yoko Ono," (September 30). What does that even mean? Or this: "Chinese New Year crappy ripoff of real New Year," (January 20). That one wasn't just inane, it was borderline racist. And finally, there's this doozy, from February 13: "Baby, I look forward to 'doing it' on Valentine's Day." That one was a letter to my girlfriend that I sent to the *Urinal* by mistake. You guys don't even read these things!

In conclusion, it's time to shape up. Not everybody deserves to have their idiotic opinion heard, especially dumbasses like me. Think about it.

Phil McPoopstain, Sherwood Park

My milkshake brings all the boys to the yard
And they're like 'it's better than yours.' Damn right it's better than yours

My milkshake brings all the boys to the yard, and they're like, it's better than yours—damn right it's better than yours! I could teach you. But I have to charge.

I know you want it—the thing that makes me—what the guys go crazy for. They lose their minds [with] the way I whine. I think it's time.

La,La,La,La,La,La; warm it up. La,La,La,La,La,La; the boys are waiting. La,La,La,La,La,La; warm it up. La,La,La,La,La,La; the boys are waiting.

I see you're on it; you want me to teach the techniques that freaks these boys. It can't be bought. Just know things get caught. Watch if you're smart.

My milkshake brings all the boys to the yard, and they're like, it's better than yours—damn right it's better than yours! I could teach you. But I have to charge.

Oh, once you get involved, everyone will look this way, so you must maintain your charm. Same time maintain your halo. Just get the perfect blend,

plus what you have within. Then next his eyes are squint; then he's picked up your scent.

My milkshake brings all the boys to the yard, and they're like, it's better than yours—damn right it's better than yours! I could teach you. But I have to charge.

La,La,La,La,La,La; warm it up. La,La,La,La,La,La; the boys are waiting. La,La,La,La,La,La; warm it up. La,La,La,La,La,La; the boys are waiting.

Some Blatch, Edmonton

People show off their frontal lobotomies, opinions

I'm a law student and I'm upset. That's right: you better quake in your boots, you purveyors of filth, you perpetrators of injustice!

First, it should be pointed out that the only humour I believe in is the kind that medieval doctors tried to bleed out of people. Every time you make a joke, I die inside.

I also have an extremely narrow set of beliefs about most things, and so, in keeping with this, I intend to start an independent newspaper, oddly run by a political organization, for the count-

less citizens of Edmonton who I know share my views.

You know you're out there.

And if you don't agree with the outrageous opinions I have, then all you need do is flip through a sufficient quantity of our mindless and poorly typeset ramblings on hot-button social and public policy issues. I think once you do, you'll be persuaded our outlandishly right-wing views are actually really solid ideas for this province, indeed for this country.

Neil McRadderson, St. Albert

I am also insane

Attention, my brothers and sisters! The time has come for you to join me in my fight against capitalism: buy my book.

As a matter of fact, buy several copies of it, just to show those capitalist pigs who's boss.

The only better way to bring down capitalism than jumping right on in is to wear dreadlocks and clothing made of hemp.

Rocky Dohise, Lamont

More Whiners

www.edmontonurinal.com
and click on Hump Your Dad

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Vice '80s Popstar
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The Edmonton Urinal publishes a variety of totally biased opinions as made up by our team of retarded, stoner monkeys. And in case you haven't figured it out yet, this here newspaper is a joke, brought to you by the fine, upstanding young go-getters at the University of Alberta's student newspaper, the Gateway. Please don't sue us.



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oh

god, are we hip yet?

Useless
Spirits
in
this
issue

Life of Brian / 6

I am a professional journalist

There's one thing us professional journalists can't stand: self-referential editorials. But ideals like "journalistic integrity" and "engaging storytelling" won't stop us from printing today's **oh**.

Because without those ideals, we can bring you such "edgy" pieces of raw, young, professional journalism as today's top story from "with-it" Edmontonian, Bran Van Process. Process dishes a totally illin' tale of an average "citizen of champions." This E-boy's just a typical dude. He's got a dope apartment, he digs barbecued meat, and he plays the guitar (and even had a band a few years ago!!!). **oh** yeah—he's got the same goals as any single white male twenty-something. What's remarkable about this "young" and "awestacular" "River City" dweller? Not a single thing.

We Grant MacEwan journalism school valedictorians call that kind of "awesome" "hip." Isn't that "hip"?

We think so. Speaking of "hip," *Urinal* writer Livid Steeples makes a cameo **oh** appearance in **oh** this week, with a two-page graphic novel called *Useless Spirits*. You kids like graphic novels, right? They're trendy, aren't they?

They sure are. And we here at **oh** like to think of this issue of **oh** as a tribute to quality. **Nohpe, noh** mediocrity here. Not an **oh**nce.

Speaking of ounces, Shaved Salamander brings you the latest in Generation-Y-friendly potables. Potent ones, even. Did you catch the *Jeopardy!* reference? No? Not hip enough?

ohK, I apologize. A professional journalist should know better.

I did mention that I'm a professionally-

trained journalist, right?

Speaking of journalism, a young lady from Cow Town, and some other kids like her, have been really jonesin' on Aragorn: so much so that they're writing online erotica about him and his man-elf Legolas. Imagine the two, together under the vast canopies of Lothlorien, holding and touching. Wait, is that libel? Oh right, they aren't real people.

But our writers are real people, and they're doing incredibly hip things. Hairy Piano brings you 7.367 things to do today; from hipopotamus back-shaving to the latest trendy gig, we hip, happening, professional journalists have got your Saturday covered.

Before I bid you all adieu, I must remind you: I am a professional journalist. Seriously.

Trees Killer ■

reichswag random free garbage

■ THIS WEEK:

We were going to try and give away our dignity this week, but we realized that we do that every time a copy of **oh** hits the stands. Instead, we've decided to give away a little piece of history: five incredibly hip, trendy, and sexy scooter helmet chin straps worn by a local hipster during WWII. The draw closes on Monday at midnight. Look under contests at www.edmontonurinal.com.

■ LAST WEEK:

Wickedness abounds: **Bike Splinters** of Sherwood Park won a stick of gum we found in Man Gazin's shirt pocket. The following people are radical: **Jesus, Larry Flynt, and Leonard Ghostal**, all of Edmonton.

all about oh

4 useless spirits

Edmonton's best investigative reporter goes to where the "action is" and ends up at Red's.

6 profile

Brian Lin owns a cat. Read about how he was in a band two years ago, then stab your eyes out because you're so bored.

8 lotr slash

Gandalf Greypube! **oh** yeah, baby!

i am unloved and sad

3 snob flabbyass

9 the shavedown

10 7.367 things to do today

11 ditzzy ferret

12 bling bling

COVER PHOTO by Dreg Oven of Brian Lin stabbing his own brain.

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said to oh

you hate us, you... hate us



Is this the new face of professional journalism? No! It's just my brother. Tee hee!

Re: **oh** in general

Wow. Can I just say that you guys rock 'n roll and kick ass all over the place? I don't have a lot to live for, but every time **oh** comes out, it's like the clouds part for that one precious moment and I'm reborn again.

I never plan my week until I read through your mouth-watering articles, because unless it's mentioned between your awe-inspiring pages, it's not worth my time. I don't even need *Our Voice* anymore. All I have to do is pick up **oh** and swoon over your witty headlines. Keep up the incredibly hip and trendy work.

Re: I hate everything, Ditzzy Ferret, Feb. 28

Ditzzy Ferret is, like, a goddess! I totally agree with

her because, like, I totally hate everything, too! Especially Americans; they really piss me off. Also, I hate women who act in pornos, because they're, like, demeaning women and stuff (I do kinda like pornos, though).

And anti-Americans; like, god, WTF is wrong with them!?!?

Calgary also totally pisses me off. And I really, really hate Ditzzy Ferret, too. OMG, WTF is that lady's problem? She totally needs to feel the love, dude. Why does she have to, like, hate everything so much?

Re: Foul language in **oh**, March 6

I sat down Saturday, hoping to enjoy the latest issue of the *Edmonton Urinal*. I happened upon **oh**, and thought I'd give it a peep. Imagine my

utter shock and dismay when I came across the word "damn" as I was reading your so-called maga-zine.

What has the *Urinal*, indeed the entire world, lowered itself to? The *Urinal* claims to be an upstanding newspaper, and yet it publishes nothing but verbal diarrhea. **oh** the humanity!

Re: Snob Flabbyass, March 20

oh is clearly the greatest publication in the world. Your writers are remarkably insightful, poignant and—dare I say it?—brilliant. I used to get all of my political analysis from the *Edmonton Urinal*, the *Hobo in Jail*, the *National Joke*, the *New School Rhymes*, and other over-rated rags, but now I know where the truly perceptive commentary is at. That moron Rex Murphy ain't got nothing on Todd Babiak, let me tell you.

You guys have even surpassed the *Edmonton Scum* as a bastion of discerning political opinion, and let me tell you, that's saying something. Keep up the good work!

Re: Reichswag, March 27

Since I started reading **oh**, I had always assumed the entire thing was a huge joke, including the reichswag section. All the same, I decided to throw my name into the hat to win some free stuff. The cool, hip, and trendy thing is that I totally won.

So, **oh**, thanks for the used Herbal Essences conditioner and the discarded toothbrush you gave me. I'll never be the same.

Something to say? Cram it:
oh@theurinal.canbreast.com.

Self-aware & self-absorbed

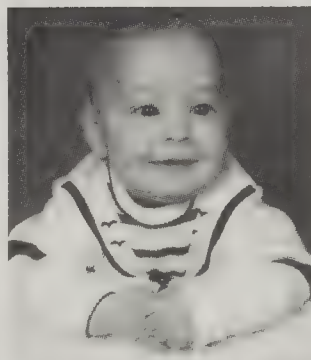
Je ne suis pas le 'poopy pants'

As I was sitting in my magnificently appointed condominium watching the news on my medium-large television, I noticed something. Just off in the corner of my television, just to the left of Lynda Steele's breast, sat my stirring reflection.

At first I wasn't sure if it was indeed me, but as I adjusted my seat to get a better look, I noticed the enchanting figure in the glass moved with me. It was indeed my beautiful face. Enchanting, just to the left of that smartly-dressed woman's chest.

Television programming, however, cannot always be the wonderful depiction of images that I'm noticing in my condo at this very moment. From the horrible images beamed to us by CNN to the mediocrity of my parents' home videos of my sixth, seventh and ninth birthdays, the digiscape of network TV is perhaps the largest contributor to the moral decay of society. But not the sort of moral decay attributable to racy reality TV and questionable news magazines. I'm talking about the decay of good, old-fashioned Bob Ross.

Much like acrylic paintings that fade over time, the vibrancy and vitality present in celebrity portraits is slowly being corrupted by the ever-present barrage of pixilated information. It is art that I first became acquainted with during my summers of scholarship working at College Pro. It was long and arduous. I spent many hours applying coat after coat of la-



Snob Flabbyass

texes and lacquers to abodes throughout Edmonton. I worked throughout the day, painting. That was my job, after all.

But I'm not trying to paint everyone or everything with the same brush. Such generalizations are folly. Why, that would be akin to suggesting that the Swiss are all chocolate-loving goons, and that all Canadians are polite, passive-aggressive hockey players. Not so. Some Canadians, me among them,

would like nothing more than to shake off this negative stereotype and be recognized for what we truly are: passive-aggressive in our pretentiousness.

Now, there are, of course, immeasurable amounts of self-labeling that go on in our society. We label our cars with personalized license plates. We label our chests with the latest shirt from an outlet mall. Like me,

nalist. All these shift us into a category.

But we can't be a culture constantly asking, "I'll take 'Generic' for a thousand, Alex." We must be asking ourselves *why* these categories exist, and why we constantly attempt to place something within a rigid framework. What's needed is a removal of these corporate paradigms being forced upon us. We need to be able to look at the world without a set of filters and say to ourselves, "Yes, I *did* pay too much for this 1984 Dodge Omni."

Because a society of askers intrinsically becomes a society that is not doing. If all we do is sit in our Omnis, navel-gazing, we will become nothing more than a society that knows no greater pleasure than constantly referring to themselves in every way possible. I know this. I believe you

know this. Yet despite what I believe, I do not honestly think I know where I am going with this. Yet I still get paid, all the same.

And that's essentially what it boils down to: not that I get paid, but that we all *must* pay. I'm all for universal healthcare and social programs so that those who are less fortunate can survive.

But survival isn't enough. We're all human, and we all have desires: the desire to live, love, and yes, even see our

names in print.

When we forget this, we become no better than the animals or our provincial government leaders. We slash the programs of necessity with reckless abandon. We express our desires to distance ourselves from the federal government. We wear tracksuits in an effort to appear vital. And we shave regularly. But what we don't do is remember the little people. The people on whose backs everything rests. The people who make up the backbone of society.

The people staring back at us from the left of Lynda Steele's right breast.

sflabbyass@theurinal.canbreast.com



Dreg Oven

with my fashionable Gap shirt. We cannot get through a simple day without applying another category to our lives. Maybe we call ourselves self-important. Maybe we call ourselves a professional journalist. Maybe a self-important professional jour-

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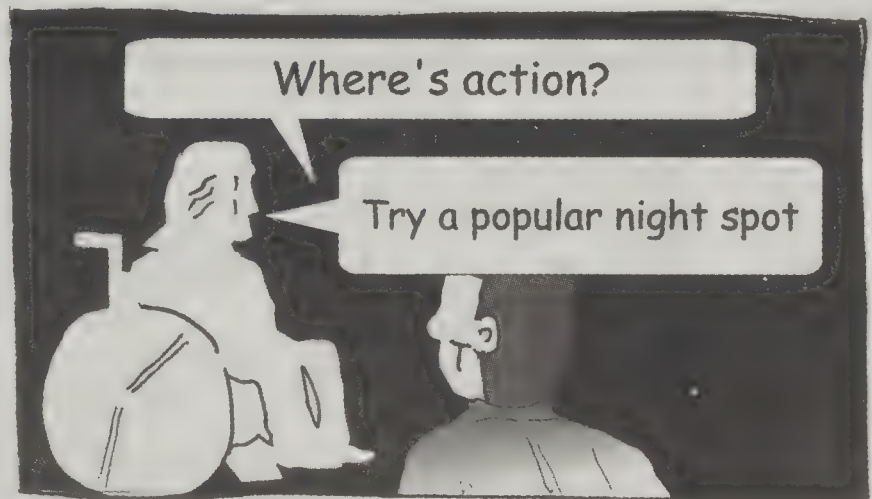
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USELESS SPIRITS



Another ground-breaking piece of graphic novel journalism ... Can you say Pulitzer?

Being Edmonton's best graphic novel journalist takes its toll, so I decided to hit the streets and look for some action...



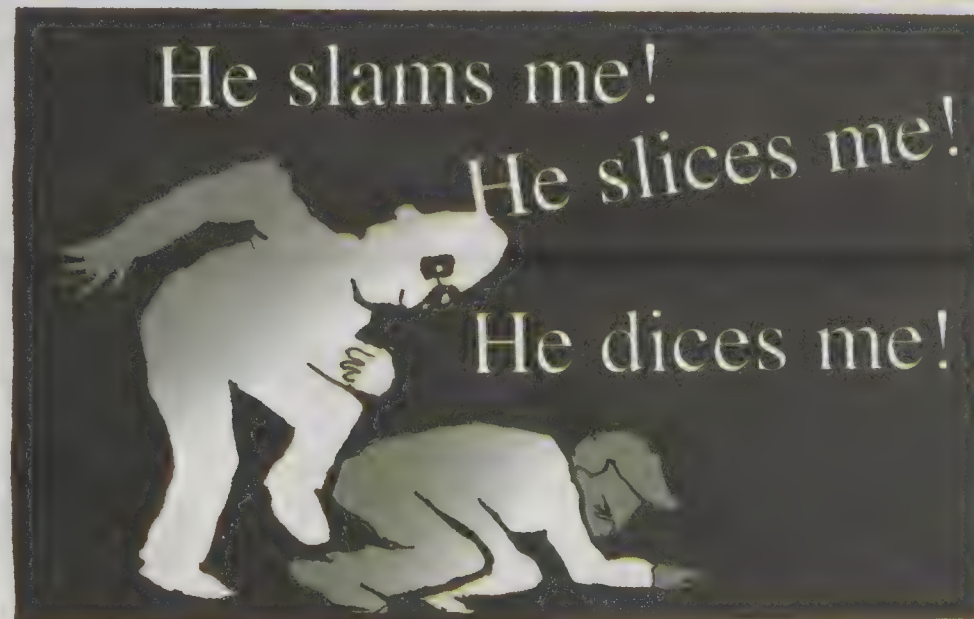
Where's action?

Try a popular night spot



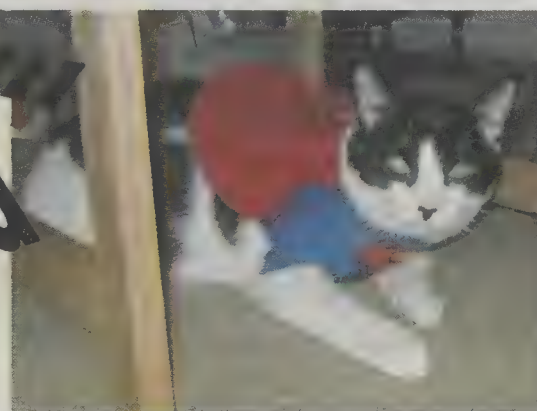
So I tried a popular nightspot







TWO YEARS AGO i played in a band



Photos by Cruel Man's Dong



"I've got this degree now," says Brian Lin, who doesn't yet have his BA in history. "But now I'm going to play a four-stringed instrument for the rest of my life." Hypothetical, of course. What to tell Mom and Dad, old junior high cronies. Your old boss. What?

"Ask me what I'd like to do for a living," he says. "I'd like to get hired by Bioware. I hear it's fun."

It's the standard dilemma, isn't it? You might be a painter, a potter, pluck a fine zither. Our Mr. Lin, however, plays the bass. He's quite good too, though he won't admit it. He won't even tell me he's good. "I play with people who're good," he says.

We've decided to gamble. Lin is a full-time student, but has agreed to put up twenty dollars. I do the same, and we nestle in front of a couple of noisy machines at a popular pizza place.

Though the machines are separate, it seems his winnings are a direct result of my losses. It's his first time with VLTs. "I don't like to gamble," he says.

But gamble he does. The former bassist of Change Methodical, an Edmonton-based emo outfit, Lin was unsure where to take his music and left the group two years ago. "I never actually quit," he says. "It just sort of happened that they started practicing without me."

Their last show together, Lin recounts. Whitecourt, Alberta, in a giant hall owned by truckers. "There were maybe three people there who were legal to drink," he says, but there wasn't a liquor license anyway. Uneventful, perhaps; the record execs had already gone home that night. But it wasn't dull. "There was this one guy," he recounts, "walking around

with a shovel. And his head was bleeding."

These days, Lin's priority is with The Price of McTucklin, another emo outfit, this one based in Victoria. Lin, a Victoria native, attended Glen Lyon Norfolk Senior School, the same school as the band's other members. You get the idea, though, that his ties are divided; McTucklin's website: http://www.newmusiccanada.com/genres/artist.cfm?Band_Id=11795.

"I made the website when I was with Change Methodical," he said, referring to the suspect URL.

Though the Price of McTucklin (a combination of the band's last names) hasn't played together regularly since last February, Lin was in Victoria for two days over the winter break. One of the tracks from this session, Emo Kid, is what happens when Weezer (circa the Blue album) meets, well, emo.



"Emo just means 'emotional,'" states Lin, citing influences such as Mogwai and Modest Mouse. Emo Kid is accessible: a driving, textured pop sound. It's worth checking out. The tune was recorded at Sea of Shit Studios in Victoria, which recorded Nomeansno's "Would We Be Alive?" EP in 1997.

"That place is awesome," says Lin, about Sea of Shit. "They have boxes of rotting lettuce and pumpkins and plastic trikes outside."

It's funny that The Price of McTucklin exists at all. The idea was to come together as a sort of super band, says Lin, write some stellar-wicked songs, play one show, blow everyone away, and then retire.

"We played at the Cambie, in Vic," says Lin. "It's a country bar where they play punk rock. We didn't blow anyone away that night, so we stuck together."

It's another day, and Lin is suspiciously richer. He's headed down Whyte to get a new cable for his bass. He's jamming with Change Methodical tonight. You get the idea that this won't be their last session (Editor's note: the session never happened). The band's website, www.changemethodical.com, lists the band: Eric, Morgan, Chad and... you? Seems they haven't found another bassist yet, despite touring Canada (Victoria, B.C. to Sussex, New Brunswick, according to the site) this past fall.

"Quite the luck they had," says Lin. "They didn't change the oil in their van and the engine seized up somewhere around Winnipeg in the middle of the night."

We're walking down 109th Street, near 86th Avenue, and Lin ducks into the comic book shop there, to check his cubbyhole for titles. He comes out with a stack, from *Spiderman*

to the *Tales of Scrooge McDuck*. "I've got to check the other place tomorrow," he says, referring to another cubby hole he suspects is ripe.

As to what Brian is doing now, he's not sure. "I'm probably going to go home, and vote for myself on hotornot.com," starts Lin. "Or perhaps dress my cat up. I've got this Superman costume for him and a Winnie the Pooh one."

Come April, Lin will graduate. I don't think he'll work for Bioware though. He was surprised to recently discover that there aren't a lot of research-type jobs for history majors out there. Genuine surprise, like he'd already spent a good chunk of his life doing something he really likes.

BranVan Process ■

EDMONTON URINAL 7

Slash and burn my eyes out!!1!

Yes, there is a circle of River City writers outside of **ch** magazine that are ice-cold cool. They are the Fellowship of the Evanescent Tingly Feeling, a cyberspace collective of pure Alberta-bred amazing. Though their righteous name might suggest the sort of awesomocity reserved for up-and-coming Ed-rock garage bands, this E-town based collective of writers has nothing to do with rock 'n roll, let me assure you. Not unless rock 'n roll has suddenly transformed into a magical realm of hobbits, wizards, and of

course, those damn sexy elves.

I say sexy because the hip, young members of the Fellowship of the Evanescent Tingly Feeling craft highly eroticized tales based on the cuddly creatures of J.R.R. Tolkien's classic fantasy prose. I also say sexy because I had the chance to meet with the members of the Fellowship (vocational college professor, Dr. Wendy Beefdip and her associate, who wished to be referred to in print as "Misty"), and they were extremely attractive.

We took a secluded booth at the

Fellowship's favourite EdmonTown coffee bar, the JavaScript Internet café, nosed on elevensies and gabbed about the group's work, the wonders of new-fashioned technology, stuff, things, sexiness, and about how cool it is to be cool.

Q: I notice that many of your stories revolve around the Tolkien character, Boromir. What drew you to write about this character?

A (Dr. Beefdip): Boromir is a man of strength, both in his ruggedly-hewn physicality, and in his character. Yet he has a certain lighter essence: a sensitivity, a vulnerability. You can picture it in his nimble-yet-weary steps across Middle Earth's terrain; the way the merciless winds of Gondor make his golden locks, locks muddled by the sweat of orc battle, dance like silver elves in harvest-tide celebration; the

way his brow furrows with the worries of his quest's burden and the tormentations of the sight of his dear companion Aragorn—his brow dewed with the sweat of the pleasurable anguish of longing.

Q: But what of Aragorn? Could he ever understand the fire that Boromir has long cradled in his breeches?

A ("Misty"): It is a thought that often troubles Boromir's mind. The rest of the band slumbering until the mor-

MONO!!!!!!

:- (

"Where there's a whip, there's a way. Where there's a whip, there's a way. Where there's a whip, there's a way."

We don't want to go to war today but the lord of the lash says nay nay nay.

We're going to march all day, all day, all day, any way. Where there's a whip there's a way.

Olé!"



anticipation. Cupping his fellow man's rough-shaven face in his battle-scarred hands, Aragorn's tongue creeps, elf-like, from his mouth and flows gently over his masculine lips like the mighty Anduin. Boromir whispers softly, "I feel as though Gandalf has cast a spell on my pleasure-lance, and made it larger and harder than it has ever been before."

Q (Aragorn): Are you enough of a man to withstand my assault on your mannish Helm's Deep?

A ("Misty"): Boromir embraced his precious, and breathily whispered his oath: "By the troth of my honour, as a son of the kingdom of Gondor; by the lives of these friends gathered whom I will protect to the end of this realm, do as you will, sir. This time, Helm's Deep most wantonly surrenders."

(Beefdip): The two men cleaved to one another, convulsing with desire, love, and above all fellowship. And yay, there was kissing. And yay, there was forsooth much hugging and groping, and tingliness of feeling. And eventually there was just some manly nuzzling and smoking of tobacco they managed to pilfer from Gimli's packsack. As the sun spread its warmth over the Misty Mountains' peaks, waking the new lovers, it was the dawn of a new era in Middle Earth: an era of love, fellowship, and possible awkwardness for their hobbit companions.

Tush Cmyk ■

tushcmyk@banana.com

Experience

SPANISH

Edmonton Hispanic Bilingual Association
Asociación Bilingüe Hispánica de Edmonton

DISTINCTIVE PROGRAMS

- Friendly, cultural learning environment
- 8 Adult levels
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- Qualified instructional team
- Fall, Winter and Spring terms
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- Free membership with registration
- Social activities, dinners, dance workshops
- Annual Spring Latin Fiesta
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- Volunteer opportunities

**SPRING TERM
2004**

CLASSES:

ONE DAY WEEKLY FOR 10 WEEKS

Wednesday Evenings
7 pm to 9:30 pm

Registration: Wednesday, April 7
7:30–9 pm

Classes from April 14 to June 16

Strathearn Community School
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We are a registered (#50257836), non-profit society
and heritage school recognized by Alberta Learning
since 1981.

**GUARANTEE YOUR SPACE
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**WEDNESDAY, April 7
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At later dates ask for your name
to be added to the waiting list for
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MORE INFO:

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472-0532

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www.ehba.org

Whoa, Zelda III master

Writer, Joey Fatone look-alike,
purple-haired Grasshopperaholic

80% Shameless pitch factory

(No joke is too stupid or shallow for Salamander to turn into a 600-word article and sell to you for \$200)

5% Amish Beard

(Shaved says it helps define his jawline)

5% Pawnshop's worst nightmare

(He didn't buy any of those CDs he's selling you)

5% St. Albert kid

(Mom, can I borrow the minivan to go the Good Charlotte show at Red's?)

5% Shepherd's Pie

(with extra corn)

Why you're reading him:

Happens to remind you of that kid in kindergarten who ate all the rubber cement, only with cheekier, more lovable punk rock sensibilities. Looks like Joey Fatone (*NSYNC) would if he worshiped Danzig.

Shave's claim to fame: An absolute Zelda III master, Shave once ate an entire crate of deep-fried shrimp—that's 320 if you're counting—and twelve bowls of clam chowder in a single sitting.

Current agenda: Finding ways to scam major media outlets into buying him liquor and Santa costumes.

Sound advice: Never get him drunk within 100 feet of a gopher colony. The man can turn a minivan and a bb gun into a mobile killing machine capable of leveling an entire species in 3.7 seconds.

Biggest disappointment:

Never fulfilled dream of becoming world champion bowler under pseudonym "The Jesus."

Worst part of job:

Browsing old *Getaway* bound editions to find stories he wrote five years ago that can be resold to unsuspecting publications.

Best part of job: Knowing the *Urinal* will buy everything he finds.

Likely future: Will obtain world-renowned stardom after starting most successful Gwar cover band ever, then blow all profits on rare Japanese horror VCDs and dollar-store toys that he finds totally ironic.

FYI: He used to be the *Getaway's* EiC, but was fired for embezzling Blue Rodeo CDs from the Arts editor.

Shaved Salamander ■

craptimeuslame@hotmail.com

Flouridation?

Pure Grain Alcohol
70 to 90% alcohol
\$12.99 for 1L bottle

Have you ever seen a commie drink a glass of water? Vodka. That's what they drink, isn't it? Never water?

On no account will a commie ever drink water, and not without good reason. Water. That's what I'm getting at. Water. The source of all life. Seven tenths of this earth's surface is water. Why, you realize that ... 70 per cent of *you* is water. And as human beings, you and I need fresh, pure water to replenish our precious bodily fluids.

Some people ask me why I drink only distilled water, or rainwater, and only pure grain alcohol. Well, have you heard of a thing called fluoridation? Fluoridation, of water? Do you realize that fluoridation is the most monstrously conceived and dangerous communist plot we have ever had to face?

Do you realize that in addition to fluoridated water, why, there are studies underway to fluoridate salt, flour, fruit juices, soup, sugar, milk, ice cream? Ice cream. Children's ice cream!

Want to hear something scary?

1946 was the year fluoridation was introduced. How does that coincide with your postwar commie conspiracy, huh? Obvious, no? A foreign substance is introduced into our precious bodily fluids without the knowledge of the individual, and certainly without any choice. That's the way your hardcore commie works.

I first became aware of this during the physical act of love. A profound sense of fatigue, a feeling of emptiness followed. Luckily I was able to interpret these feelings correctly: loss of essence.

Women. Women sense my power, and they seek the life essence. I do not avoid women, but I do deny them my essence.

We can no longer sit back and allow communist infiltration, communist indoctrination, communist subversion, and the international communist conspiracy to sap and impurify all of our precious bodily fluids. Prepare yourself, collect rainwater, drink only pure-grain alcohol, and fight back against the red menace.

Jack D. Ripper ■

strangelove@hotmail.com

JOB OPPORTUNITY

ATCO Frontec

Security Services

Security Personnel

LOCATION: Edmonton, AB

ATCO Frontec Security Services, a member of the ATCO Group of Companies, provides security services to a variety of utility, government, commercial, and residential customers, as well as for special events.

We are currently recruiting for casual and special events Security Officers. Applicants will be trained and will be required to obtain security clearance through the City of Edmonton Police.

We provide uniforms, competitive rates of pay, and a pleasant working environment. Seniors are encouraged to apply.

For application forms and information, please contact Byrnita Geiger at (780) 455-7921.



10 forward

10 hot DINKS TONIGHT

- **Mr. Tickles and his Amazing Spoons**, Asscrack Cafe (1123 13th Ave.) 393-2944
- **Supershoes w/ Dear Diary I Kissed My Dad and Fuckerface**, Your Basement Apartment, Gameau 393-9445

■ **Cuntpuncher w/ Art Garfunkel**, Starlite Room (cancelled) 867-5309

■ **Sir Bobby Franklin's Cocksuckin' Mardi Gras**, Space (444 4443rd Ave.) 497-5698

■ **The Wacky Pedophiles**, Somewhere (neat) 555-2395

■ **An Evening of Steve Notley Borrowing Your Cigarettes**, The Black Dog (10456 82nd Ave.) SMACK-IT

■ **Zingers the Jerky Cat w/ Where Is My Face and The Longest Erection In the World**, Yardbird suite (23 454 St.) 230-3127

■ **It's Raining Teabags**, The Beverly Crest (11358 53 ave) 393-2944.5

■ **Oh, Those Were Tits, Alright** The Orange Hall (112358 13 ave) 393-2944.5

■ **Dr. Reginald's Scrotum Farewell Party**, Dr. Reginald's House 9LOLI 34iu3454i85y

10 best MOVIES in theatres

- Star Trek VI: Undiscovered Country ★★★★★
- Star Trek II: Wrath of Khan ★★★★★
- Star Trek IV: Voyage Home ★★★★★
- Star Trek VIII: First Contact ★★★★★
- Star Trek I: Special Edition ★★★★★
- Star Trek III: Search for Spock ★★★
- Star Trek VII: Generations ★★
- Star Trek X: Nemesis ★
- Star Trek V: The Final Frontier ★
- Star Trek IX: Insurrection ★

top 10 ALBUMS at Octupussy Dink Records, 10103 81 Ave.

- 1 Bobby Summers, *The Greatest Feeling Ever Told*
- 2 Kenny Rogers, *My Penis Will Enchant You*
- 3 Justin Timberlake, *Just Gay Enough*
- 4 Mom?, *Why Do I Have Cancer?*
- 5 Bon Jovi, *Music Inspired By C.H.U.D.*
- 6 Lil Bow Wow, *I Want You to Touch It*
- 7 Bob Eucker, *Memories of Mr. Belvedere (Part III)*
- 8 Linda Ronstadt, *It Is Indeed Enchanting, Kenneth*
- 9 Various Artists, *The Background Music of Three's Company*
- 10 The Exhaust Port, *Right Below the Main Port*

Shave Salamander's top 10 JOKES HE RAN IN THE GATEWAY YEARS AGO

- 10 Would you like some ravioli? C'est chaud.
- 9 You don't go into a whorehouse with half a boner.
- 8 Come to papa, my lemon chicken.
- 7 There's nothing in the Bible that says you can't jack off with a carrot.
- 6 If you start drinking early, it's never late.
- 5 That's a good point, Kaiser Wilhelm.
- 4 I'd kill every last Arts student if I had enough bullets.
- 3 Oh, those weren't tapeworm eggs.
- 2 My spoon is too big!
- 1 But, good sir, it turns out the penis was disembodied!

7.367 THINGS TO DO today

Courage makes fools of us all, dad, and without virtue, we are all destined to give Marmaduke hand-jobs in Hell for all eternity. Sartre said that, I think, but at the same time, who cares? You don't deserve a good lede. Anyhow, it's time for my list of 7.367 things I would never do in a million years, but that make me sound a lot more interesting than I really am.

1 Now that summer is here, how many times have you been walking down the street, thinking how much you hate stuff that sucks, and you look up and realize that *no one is smiling*? Doesn't that make you *sad*? So, do the world a favour today and **smile three times at everyone that makes eye contact with you**. Remember, the wider the smile, the happier you'll make everyone! I said WIDER, shitbag!

2 Summer is here, and it's a beautiful day out there in Brown-town



hairy piano

today, so why not put your prettiest Value Village dress over a faded pair of Levis and **take six cats out for brunch at Café Mosaics**? What? No, not cats as in cool people—actual cats. Make sure they're all girls, or you might end up cleaning steaming hot cat spray off someone's Secret Burrito. Plus, boys are hard to talk to. If cats aren't your thing, try pictures of France. And instead of brunch at Mosaics, eat nothing in the corner of your basement.

3 Well, summer is here, which means it sure is **Free-dom to Read Week**—why not teach a child to read

and then kill them? There's nothing more satisfying than listening to some quasi-retarded punk struggle through crap like *The Saddest Little Shoebox* or Camus' *Why Won't Dogs Stop Biting Me?*. Great job, Tiffany! Now give them an ice cream cone full of poison for a job well done, or maybe just pour cancer down their throat until they get sleepy.

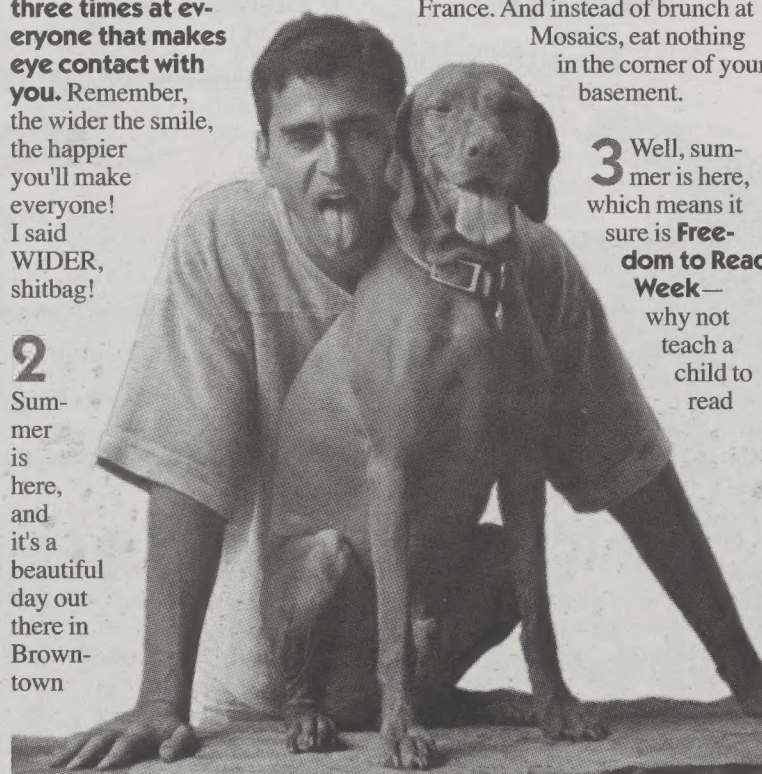
4 Truly, ringette is the sport of kings and girls who suck too much at raising the puck to play hockey. Still, now that summer is here, Jesus told me to tell you to check out this weekend's **AA Ringette Provincial Championships**. Will I be there? Fuck no! But the press release is right in front of me, and I'm kinda running out of ideas ... you know. Can I have \$125 yet?

5 No, huh? Okay, so, uh ... arts and crafts are always fun, hey? You should, like, **build a there-min out of human souls**. There's a great workshop going on at the Edmonton Falun Gong Society this Thursday. Or no, wait, they're crazy. But then again, think about how cool that there-min will be. You could, like, join a band and play "Good Vibrations" by the Beach Boys all the time and do that "WoooOOOOooow-woooooOOOOOooooOw" thing that's, like, so cool. Except it wouldn't be an electrical field making that noise; it would be the souls of the damned, begging you to let them rest—especially now that summer is here.

6 Indeed, summer is here, and that means yet another **stupid fucking art show that no one cares about!** If you love shades of gray and purposefully boring paintings of sparrows wearing funny hats or something equally shitty, then holy tits, dad, are you ever going to love whatever art show I'm talking about. Chances are it's at Latitude 53, but I'm so uninterested in the specifics that I'm not even willing to turn my head slightly to the left to confirm this. Wait, maybe I will. I think my raspberry iced tea is over there. Nope. Here it is, on my right. You lose, art show! And yet, somehow, so do I.

7 Even though summer is here, it still rains once in a while. But those soggy days can be chased away with an impromptu **math contest between you and your friends!** Start off by seeing who can recite the "12" column of the multiplication table the longest while getting punched in the cock. Then, when everyone's cocks are nice and tenderized, you can start the Hairy Piano Super Cosine Faceoff Challenge! All you need is a graphing calculator and no friends. Now type in a number and hit the cosine function over and over until you stop sobbing. Ha ha!

Spin around on one foot until you get dizzy. Eat slightly more than one third of a taco salad from Wendy's. Talk to your shoes about how they inspire you. Or **go to the library and scream at the old guys playing chess**. They'll be surprised at how quickly they'll have a heart attack and die.



ask hairy about your inconsequential events at 867-5309 or @hairy.dinkrecords.com

Some dumb headline about boys

Ditsy Ferret



Seriously. It's like they're *genetically programmed* to piss us off

1. Date rich men

Remember that Destiny's Child song that was all like, "The car I'm drivin', I bought it"? Yeah, that's pretty independent and all, but wouldn't it be *even better* if you could get your boyfriend to buy that car for you? I mean, I'm not exactly as rich as you are, Destiny's Child! Maybe you can still afford your own cars after you spend tens of thousands of dollars on handbags, but once I've dropped that much cash, I know there isn't much left over for anything else. If I can convince my fiancé to buy me pretty things through my feminine wiles, well, I just can't think of anything more empowering than that!

2. Talk about how smart you are, but then act really dumb

You see, most men *think* they like smart girls, but then when you bust out your Grant MacEwan education all over them, they totally freak out. So the trick is to *tell* people you're smart, but never actually prove it to them. Try this line when you're picking up guys: "I graduated at the top in my class in the Grant MacEwan journalism program! Watch me put my leg behind my head!"

3. Take men shopping with you

Men think they know more than women. Ask any guy you know,

and I can guarantee he'll be all like "Bitches don't know anything, yo!" But there is *one* area girls know more about than men, and that's shopping. Ask any *girl* you know, and I can guarantee she'll be all like "I love shopping!" So next time your man calls you a bitch and says you're really stupid, give him a big kiss and tell him you've got a surprise for him. Then take him shopping! He'll be all like, "I'm bored." And then you can be all like, "See? I know more about clothes than you!"

4. Teach your boyfriend to pee properly by gluing the toilet seat down

If there's one thing every single woman in the world hates about men, it's how they leave the toilet seat up after they go to the bathroom. Seriously.

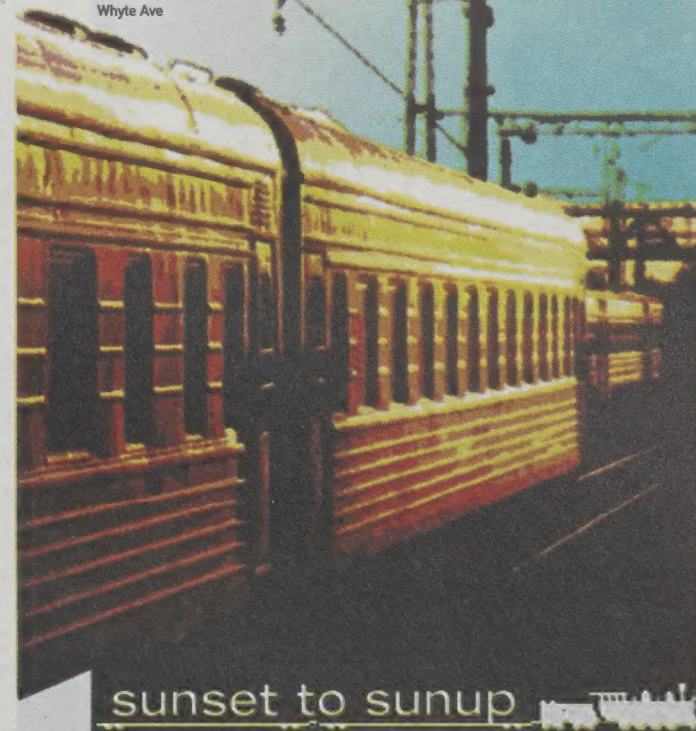
It's like they're *genetically programmed* to piss us off. (No pun intended!) But luckily for you, sisters, I've found the perfect solution. If you glue the toilet seat *down*, they'll never be able to leave it up! Then all you have to do is nag them constantly about peeing on the seat until they give up and start peeing the way God intended us to: sitting down. And we all know there's nothing more empowering than emasculating men, right ladies?

dferret@theurinal.canbreast.com

When will stupid boys learn that we own their bathrooms?



8101 - 103 St.
Whyte Ave



Not only for stuffing in the mouths of the seizurey and filling with quarters, this season's sock is for the wearing—with sandals, anyway. Tube socks, knee socks, toe socks (for those shoe-tiful thong sandals): totally not lame at all, despite what your 13-year-old sister says. Sock it to me!

Socks

appeal

Lames RandyShaw ■



AWESOCK!

Watch the models at work on www.edmontonurinal.com and knock yer socks off. Also online: things people might consider looking at.

A modern-day Sock-rates. Pre-greened, pre-scented ecru anklettes, 3 Hendays, Holt Renfrew, Charcoal foot vices, 15 000\$, Holt Renfrew! Holt Renfrew! Holt Renfrew!



For Heaven's sock, don't bear going barefoot. It's sh-socking!
Ash-grey tube socks (ladies' size 7-11), Ebony knee socks, \$45, "Sun jammer" sandals, \$750
Holt Renfrew

Thr-sock-ee leg-sock-ged sock ra-sock-cing = awesock. Rainbow toe socks, \$125, men's spectrum toe socks, 20 cats, ivory foot holders, £500, midnight plastic toe cozies, model's own (Holt Renfrew!!!)



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